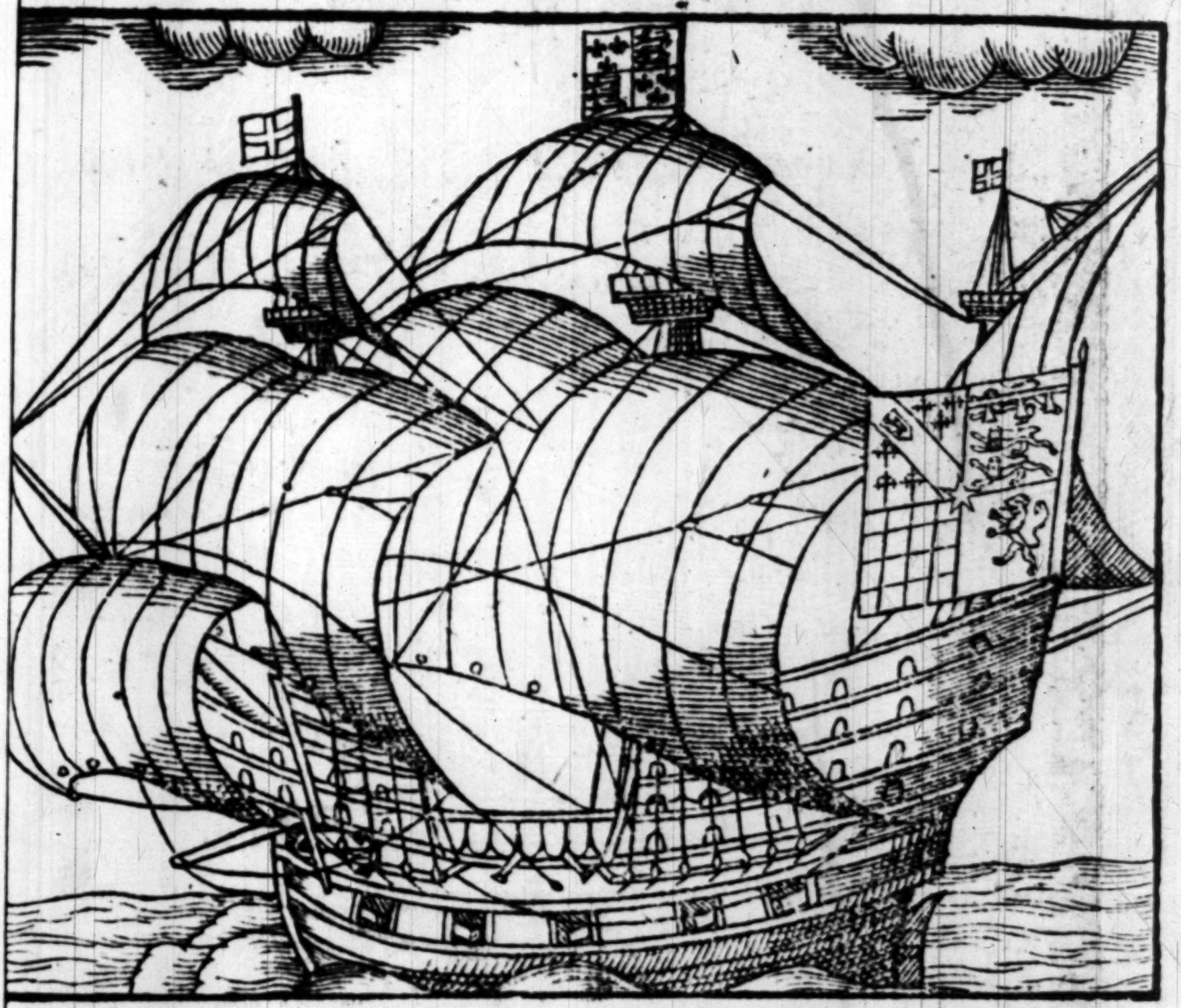
The true and perfecte

Newes of the woorthy and valiaunt exploytes, performed and doone by that valiant Knight Syr *Fraunc̃is Drake*: Not onely at *Sancto Domingo*, and *Carthagena*, but also nowe at *Cales*, and vppon the Coast of *Spayne*.

1587.



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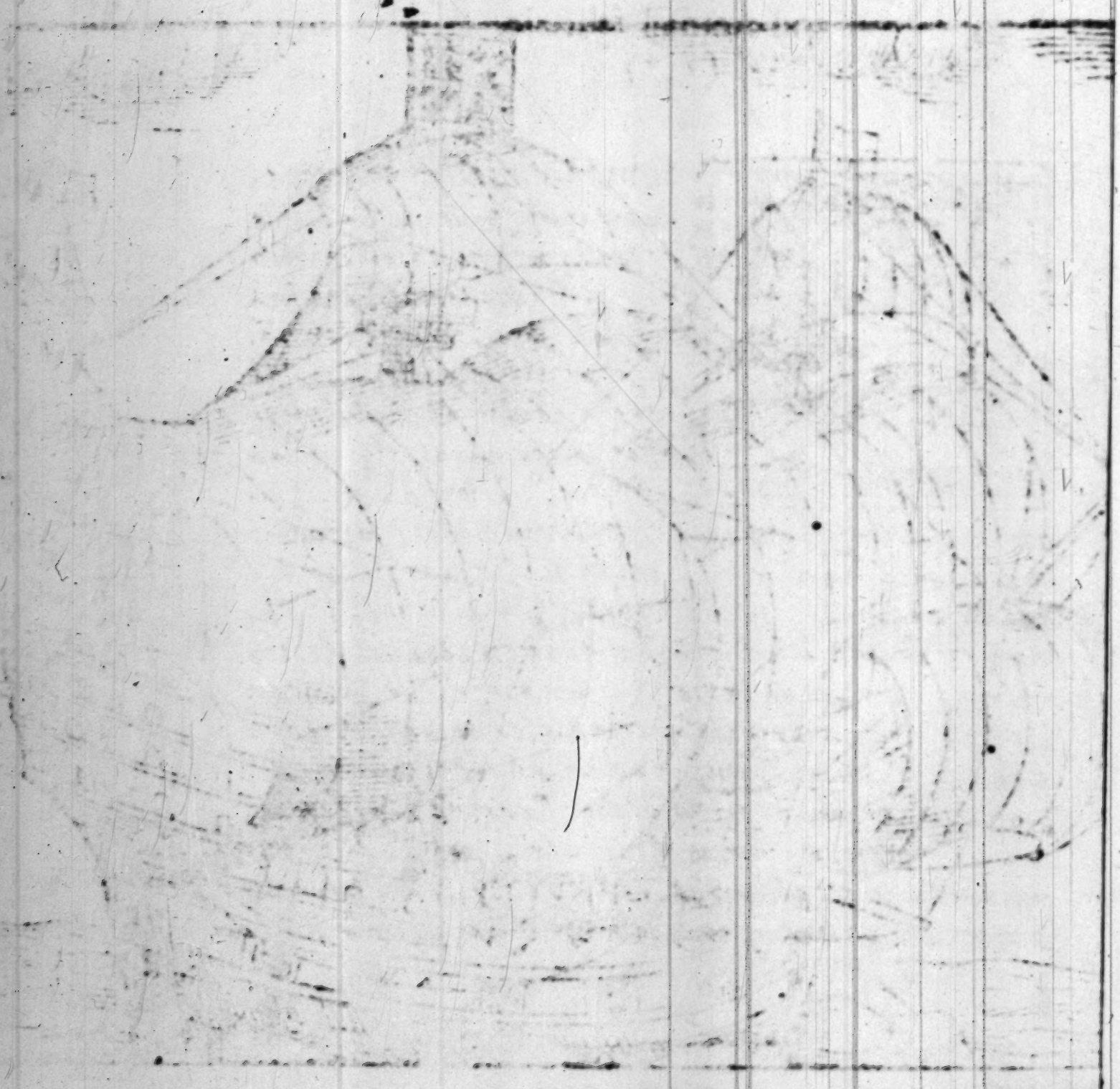

To the Right Honourable and his singuler good Lord, George Clifford, Earle of Cumberland: Thomas Greepe wysheth long life, encrease of honor, with happy and eternall felicitie.

(*.*)

RIght Honorable, reuerentlie regarding your most worthie & condigne fame, together with your most rare vertues, and finding such correspondence in both, as seemeth inseperable, I coulde not chuse but in all humilitie to offer to the handes of so noble a personne, (beeing a louer of all vertuous attempts) this rude vnpolished worke, more true in effect then fine in forme, and better for example (though rudelie written) then to be obscured, if penned by the best. The worke is a true breefe discourse of the most rare and worthy exploytes, performed by the right worshipfull Sir Frauncis Drake Knight, and his consortes in the fortunate Isles, which although the truth thereof be not vnknowen to your Honor, yet the vulgar sorte of people in the Realme hauing heard of, and yet wanting the veritie of the same, may by this pamphlet be the better aduertised. The which by howe much the playner it is written by mee, the better it is to be vnderstoode

of the simplest, who in this case I seeke most to please, being my selfe a rude Countriman, brought vppe mante yeeres in Husbandrie, and more knowledge in Culturing of lande, then in descriptions of conquestes of Countries: Notwithstanding, weighing your honourable Lordships affabilitie & courtesie in nature, to take well in worth the meanest thinges (extending to the encouragement of vertue & valor, vvhereof you are patron) I presume the more to presse your Honour, to vouchsafe the acceptation and patronising of this small work of so great worth, in respect of the honourable action of so vvorthie men. Who neither number could daunt, nor force of vvall and shot keepe out, whereby it may be seene vnto the vvorlde, that God vvhich hath alvvayes defended his seruaunts in former ages. hath not let to shevv a miracle by these in our latter dayes. And so humbly crauing pardon of your honor for this presumption ministred, I rest a continuall beseecher of the almightie for your Lordships most happy health vvith increase of honor in this life, and in the other euerlasting felicitie. Amen.

Your Honors for euer
at commaundement in
the Lorde, Thomas
Greepe.

To the Reader.

HEere haſt thou gentle Reader ſet forth vnto thee, the moſt woorthy and valiant exployts and enterpryſes, lately atchiued and doone by that valiant Knight, Syr Fraunces Drake & others, not pend in lofty verſe, nor curiouſly handled, but playnely and truely, ſo that it may be well vnderſtood of the Reader, for there is nothing can more profitte thy poſteritie hereafter, then the leauing in memory ſo worthy a thing, for how ſhoulde we know the woorthy deedes of our Elders, if thoſe learned Poets and Hiſtoriographers had not ſette them downe in wryting, as Ioſephus for the ſtate of the Iewes: Homer and Euripides for the Grecians: Titus Liuius for the Romaines: Quintus Curtius for the life of Alexander the great, and ſo of all others. At what time heretofore was there euer any Engliſh manne that did the like. as well for hys Nauigation and long trauell, and GOD bee prayſed for hys good ſucceſſe, to the greate terror and feare of the enemie, he beeing a man of meane calling, to deale with ſo mightie a Monarke.

To the Reader.

But nowe may the enemie see what woulde come to passe, if our gracious Queene woulde bende her whole force against them, therfore great cause haue we to be thankfull to God for so gracious a Princesse, and so prosperous and flourishing a common welth as this is, wherein we enioy, peace, welth, and tranquillitie, more aboundantly then any other Nation vnder the Sunne at this day. The Lorde long continue it for his names sake, and thus I ende, by bidding thee farewell in the Lorde.

The

The true and perfect Newes of the worthy and valiant *exploytes atchiued and doone by* that valiaunt Knight, Syr Frauncis Drake.

TRyumph O England and reioyce,
And prayse thy God vncessantly
For thys thy Queene that pearle of choyse
Which God doth blesse with victory.
In Countryes strange both farre and néere,
All raging foes her force doth feare.

Yée worthy wights that do delighte,
To heare of Nouels straunge and rare,
What valors woone by a famous Knight
May please you marke I shall declare.
Such rare exploytes performde and doone
As none the like hath euer woone.

First call to minde howe Gedeon, *Josua*
But with thrée hundred fighting men *cap. 3.*
The Medians hoste he ouercame
A thousand to eche one of them.
He did suppresse Idolatry
The Lord gaue him the victory.

So likewise by Gods mighty hande
Syr Frauncis Drake by dreadfull sworde
Did foyle hys foes in forraine lande,
Which did contemne Christes holy word.
And many Captiues did sette frée
Which earst were long in misery.

The worthy enterprises

Twenty fiue Ships were then prepared,
Fifteene Pinnasses braue and fine
Well furnished for his safegarde
Preuenting foes that would him tyne.
With Maisters good and Marriners rare
As euer tooke charge I dare compare.

The best Nauigators in this lande
Conferde with him vnto thys ende.
By thys famous knight to vnderstand
Theyr valors to atchieue and wende
In Countryes straunge beyond the sea,
If God permit who can say nay.

The Bonauenture a shyp royall
Cheefe Admirall then of the fleete
Sir Frauncis Drake chiefe Generall
As by desertes he was most meete.
Most worthy Captaynes of hand and hart
In thys boon voyage then tooke hys part.

The Primrose next, Vize-Admirall
Appointed by theyr best deuise
Captayne Frobisher Vize Generall
A valiant Captayne ware and wyse.
Captayne Carelell they did ordayne,
Lieftenant Generall on the mayne.

The Ayde a royall shyppe and hotte
The Gallien wyll conuict her foes,
The Sea-Dragon she spares no shott
The Talbott barkes where ere she goes
The Whyte Lyon her foes wyll smart
And all the rest wyll take her part.

At

At Plimmouth they remayned a space,
Till all their Ships were furnished:
Their gouernment, good fame and grace,
Throughout the Realme is published.
Their sayles displaide the Seas t'atchiue.
September, Anno eighty fyue.

Before which month was fully doone,
At Bayon first they did ariue:
The Towne perforce they might haue wonne,
But they pretended not to striue,
By Parlée then they did agrée:
The Generall vsed them courteously.

The men of Vigo in raging ire,
Then made great bragges them to molest:
Yet in the ende at theyr desire,
He graunted them theyr owne request.
For he was loth these Townes to inuade:
For hindring of our Marchants trade.

Then setting sayle from thence in hast,
To the Canaries swift they flye:
Thrée hundred Leagues by count were past,
Ere they the Towne of Palme came nie.
These proude Townesmen enuying theyr fléete,
Then shot at them in great despite.

Let not these Townesmen be to bolde,
I wish them not to bragge or vaunt:
Twas not theyr Gunnes nor force that could,
Once make our English harts to daunt.
If wynde and waues had not so wrought:
Full déerely they theyr pride had bought.

The worthy enterprises

This famous fléete sayles on their way,
To Sancto Yuago they were bent:
Short of this Towne thrée leagues I say,
Twelue hundred men on shore were sent.
On November the seauentéene day,
With Captaines stoute to kéepe the way.

Their noble Generall sayles about,
But all the fléete rode néere the Towne:
Most valiant Captaines with souldiours stoute,
Then marching forth through vale and downe,
To méete their Generall in the morne
As it was pointed earst beforne.

Their foes hauing intelligence
They were beset by sea and land:
They dare not prowe experience,
The Drake by force for to withstand.
They fled that night and durst not stay
Preuenting so their Enemies pray.

Then in the morne rathe as the sunne,
The towne they entred valiantly:
From place to place the Souldiours runne,
Séeking to finde commoditie.
Both coyne and plate some chaunst to find
Which they had hid and left behind.

Of victualles there they founde good store,
With wine and suger of the best:
Then quietly praise God therefore,
They made a worthy victors feast,
Their Masking robes of costly price
Our men for breeches did deuise.

Four

Foureteene dayes they kept this towne,
With honour, fame, and victory:
Their Idoll gods eche where puld downe,
With all their fond Idolatry.
With braſſe Ordenaunce of good weight:
They ballaſt their ſhips which were light.

Two little townes in the ſame Ile,
Th'one Domingo, th'other Pray:
Theſe men their Fryers did beguile
They left their Townes and ranne away.
The Fryers thought they would haue fought
To holde their Walle, as they them taught.

For they had promiſt them before
If that they would fight for their maſſe:
For all their ſinnes they had in ſtore,
They ſhould be pardoned more and leſſe.
But they ſo ſore did feare the *Drake*
They let their Fryers ſtand to ſtake.

The Marriners this while prouide,
For victuals and freſh water ſtore:
All thinges were brought aboorde that tyde
As their Maiſters wild them before.
To Parle then they did refuſe,
Whereby they wrought their owne abuſe:

The Generall minding to depart
Commaundes his men in haſt aborde
Then lifting vp both handes and hart,
Moſt thankfully they praiſe the Lord.
For giuing them ſuch victory:
Without bloodſhed or ieoperdie.

A long course then from thence they runne,
Nine hundreth Leagues or they did stay:
To one straunge Ile at length they come,
Where sauadge people bare the sway.
Though wyld and nakte, yet nothing straunge:
Theyr trifles for nifles faine would chaunge.

In fifty leagues sayling from thence,
Straunge Ilands more they did descry:
Then Hispaniola came in presence,
With Sancto Domingo presentlie.
The chéefe Citty for theyr behoue:
Where they their valor ment to proue.

Their Generall then prudently,
Preuenting the perrill of his men:
The gayneſt way for their safetie,
With discréete heads concluding then
One thousand men should martch by land
With Captaines stout to guide their band.

Taking leaue of their Generall,
After the court'ley of merry England:
On Gods moſt holy name they call,
To strength them with his mightie hande.
They martched forth then in their way
Their Generall sayles about by Sea.

When néere this Towne our men were séene
A troupe of Horsemen issued out:
And vaunted brauely on the gréene,
Minding to compasse them about.
Our fore winges helpe with their small shot:
Made them retire to saue theyr coate.

Theyr

Their Ordenaunce plaſt anno their gate,
Whereas they thought our men would venter:
Though daungerous, no way saue that,
So easie was for them to enter.
  Their foes discharge a péece or twayne:
  Yet as God would but two were slayne.

Courage, courage, our Captaines crie,
Good Souldiours now lets fight like men:
Then all at once ranne valiantly,
Their shot discharged, with weapons then,
  They lay one loade on either side:
  Though sure to die, yet durst not bide.

Their Gunner priming of his péece,
Sawe them come running in a rage.
Let Linstocke fall, away he flées,
And all the rest as for a wage,
  To saue theyr liues if it might bée:
  Our English Souldiers made them flée.

Their Generall hulled all this while,
His shippes ancoring before the Towne:
His Gunners and theyr mates likewise,
With thundring shot then made them frowne.
  They battered both at Towne and fort:
  And in the fielde none dared to sporte.

Then for theyr Ladies helpe they pray,
Miserecordia how chaunceth this:
Our Fryars said no Masse to day,
For want of leasure they did misse.
  Their Gods likewise they did desire:
  But Saint Domingo could not heare.

Then sore afrayd they gan to trudge,
Some with fardle and some with packe:
Unto the Woods for theyr refuge,
To shroud themselues they did not slacke.
The General landes without annoy:
His Captaines then met him with ioy.

They entred the Towne then valiantly,
And tooke possession of the same:
And spred their Ensignes triumphantly,
Great valours they atchiue by fame.
Then trumpets sound the Souldiours shift:
They prayse God for their Newyeeres gift.

The towne wonne on Newyeres Day.

Theyr enemies fled with such great hast,
They left their rostmeate on the spit:
Hennes and Chickins well crombd and baste,
Tables couered ready to sitte.
Wine and suger they found good store:
Their guests were come vnlooked for.

Their beds were made their Chambers drest,
The Curtines drawne braue and fine
Theyr parrell brusht and finely prest
Sir you shall choose but this is mine.
Some Iewels were hid in walles and chest,
Then some they found and some they mist.

By good aduise and gouernment,
Thys towne one month they then possest
Theyr famous dames by Rulers sent,
With costly presents of the best
Praying the Generall courteously
He would vouchsafe spare theyr Citty.

The

The Warriners the while prouide,
For victuailes and fresh water sweete:
With other commodities beside,
Which was conuaide aboord the fleete.
Commaundement then was giuen straight way:
All men aboorde without delay.

Then presently they sayled thence,
To one ritch Iland they were bent:
But winde and storme turnd their pretence,
And other course then they inuent.
With Carthagena they set at lask:
Where all their fleete their Anchors cast.

This towne was strong, well fenst about,
Foure hundred souldiours vnder pay:
Foure hundred Indians in a scoute,
Besides their townesmen in aray.
For they had newes the Drake would come:
And they thought sure to be his doome.

Theyr forte well manned and fortified,
Fiue Scounces wherein good Ordenaunce was:
Three Gallies then were amplified,
With fifteene peeces of good Brasse.
Full little then they feared the Drake:
For they thought sure to make him quake.

One mischeefe more they do deuise,
Whereby they thought to spoyle our men:
Many poysoned prickes in sundry wise,
Amidst their way they fastened then.
To pricke their shinnes they did purpose:
But the Lord God did that disclose.

Nine hundred men were set one land,
And marching forth then all by night:
Untill they came vnto the strande,
Where prickes with poysoned heades were dight.
The water lowe as Gods will was:
Twixt strand and seas they safely passe.

Then in the morne before daylight,
They came full in their Enemies face:
Then all at once with force and might,
They ran vppon them in a race.
For all their force and thundring shot:
One of their Sconces soone they got.

As God shut vp the Lyons Jawes,
From noying his Prophet Daniell:
And eke preserued from tyrantes pawes,
The three children of Israell.
And saued them in the Duen so hotte:
So he conuayd away their shotte.

Our Captaines then most valiantly,
To courage their Souldiours for to fight:
Did ieoperd themselues then formostlie,
Which made their enemies dread their might.
Boldned souldiours, put foes to shame:
To winne their countrie honour and fame.

From Sconce to Scance then they retyre.
Their lofty harts right soone were quailde:
They left their holdes and fled for feare,
Then with their héeles they best preuaile.
And as they fled straung newes they tell:
These be no men but fiendes of hell.

Their

Their Ordenaunce and artillerie,
Which in their holdes did then remaine
Our men atchiue with victory
The Towne like case they won certaine.
Their Ensignes then they did display:
Upon theyr walles none durst say nay.

The Souldiours then seeke for their pray,
Some for their bellyes likewise did care;
Though breakefast sharpe now care away,
Their dinners sweete and wholesome fare.
Bread and victuals they found good store:
With wine and suger as erst before.

They made a Scouce amidst the streete,
And plast great Ordenaunce in the same
To charge the watch when't came to night,
To daunt their foes their rage to tame.
Being shot of their thundring sound,
So shooke theyr Church, the roie fell downe.

This Towne also they kept a space,
And eke the Fryery there beside:
These Townesmen then with humble grace,
Besought the Generall at that tide.
To release their towne he would vouchsaue
And they would gyue what he would haue.

All things prouided orderly,
And brought vnto the waters side
Munitions and artillerie,
Was all imbarked at that tide,
The Marriners without delay:
These thinges aboorde with speede conuay.

The Generall with his company,
Then in a Frigat fitte plaste:
And all his Souldiours in a route,
In Pinnasses with him then past,
The Castle which first did them annoy:
As they past by they did destroy.

Then when abord their shippes they come,
They were receyued ioyfully:
A peale of Gunnes with thundring sounc,
For one houre space euen pearst the skie.
Their Drumes stroke vp their Trumpets sound
Their victories which do abound.

Their yardes a crosse hoyst at the toppe,
Their Anchors wayde then presently:
Their sayles displayd, their good ships loppe,
The Mariners standes their tackling by.
Eche Helme belayd with good respect:
As skilfull Maisters did directe.

Recording then their victories,
Which they had wonne by Gods great might:
And eke the sundry ieoperdies:
They had escaped day and night.
They yéeld God thankes most harkely:
Both for his ayde and victory.

Then homeward as their course did lie,
At sundry Iles they put a shore:
Their former wantes for to supply,
With victuales and fresh water store.
At Florida they did ariue:
Saint Augustine for to atchiue.

Theſe townesmen truſting in their ſtrength,
Then fiercely ſet againſt the Drake:
Yet he and's men preuaile at length,
When they were faine theyr towne forſake,
Which when he had poſſeſt with fame:
Vpon humble ſute releaſt the ſame.

This towne they wan moſt valiantly,
As they did all the reſt before:
The Lord was ſtill their victory,
Whoſe name be prayſed euermore.
And yeld to Drake his due and right:
Let fame extoll this noble knight.

His rare attempts performed and done,
With honour, fame and victory:
The like before who euer wonne,
That you can call to memorie.
Therefore I pray for Englandes ſake:
The Lord preſerue the noble *Drake.*

When ſiedge is layd to towne or forte,
And then the ſame bee yelded ſtraight:
The valour's then of ſmall report,
And the exploites of no great waight.
But where with force they bide the brunt:
Theyr conqueſtes are of great account.

Vliſſes with his Nauie great,
In ten yeares ſpace great valour wonne:
Yet all his time did no ſuch feate,
As *Drake* within one yeare hath donne.
Both Turke and Pope and all our foes:
Do dread this Drake where ere he goes.

After he had such dolours wonne,
And ouercame the enemie:
To merry England he would returne,
The pleasants land in Christientie.
At Portesmouth then by Gods good grace:
With all his fleete rinde in short space.

When tidinges came vnto the Courte,
Sir Frauncis Drake was newe come home:
Her highnes hearing this report,
Her grace was glad that he was come.
And all her Lords with one accord
For hys safe returne praysed the Lord.

To Portesmouth then there did resort,
Right worshipfull from Citty and towne:
This Knight to welcome to the porte,
With honor, fame and great renowne.
His valiant Captaines and gentles blode,
They welcomed home with ioyfull mode.

His entertainement at tho Courte,
With his Captaines of worthy fame:
I néede not stand to make report,
Sith brute eche where hath spred the same.
Yet once againe for Englands sake:
Pray God spéede well the noble Drake.

His valiant minde, his secrete skill,
By flying Fame eche where is spred:
His loyall loue his méere good will,
To Quéene and Realme both séene and read.
Sith God is dwer of the same:
Let vs all prayse his holy name.

Through

Though him he got great victories,
Through him he did his foes dismay:
Through him he scapt great iesperdies,
And perrill both by Land and Sea.
Who hath preserued by his great might:
Our Queene and realme yeres twenty eyght.

God saue our Queene of merry England,
His sacred word long to maintaine:
Her Graces Maule and royall bande,
Through his good grace may long remaine.
Lord bielle her counsell and keepe them aye:
With all true Subiects night and day.

Finis quoth Thomas Greepe.

To the right reuerende, godly learned Father, my very good freend, M. Iohn Fox, preacher of the word of GOD.

MAister Fox, whereas we haue had of late such happy successe against the Spanyardes, I dw assure my selfe that you haue faithfully remembred vs in your good prayers, and therefore I haue not forgotten, briefly to make you partaker thereof. The 19. of Aprill wee arriued within the Rode of Calles where we found very many shipping, but amongst the reste 32. of exceeding burden, lade, and to be laden with prouision, & prepared to furnish the Kinges Naute, intended with all spæde against England, the which when wee had bowded, and also furnished our seuerall Ships with prouision as wee thought sufficient, wee burnt: And although by the space of two dayes and two nights that wee continued there, we were stil endaungered, both with thundring shott from the Towne, and assailed with the roaring Cannons of twelue Gallyes: yet wee suncke two of them, and one greate Argosey, and still auoyded them with very small hurt, and so at our departure we brought away foure Ships of prouision, to the great terror of our enemies, and

and honor to our selues, as it may appeare by a most curteous Letter written vnto me with a Flagge of truce, by Duke Petro, Generall of the Gallyes. But where as it is most certayne, that the king doth not onely make spædy preparatiõ in Spayne, but likewise expected a verye great Flæte from the Straytes, and dyuers other places, that shold ioyne with his forces to inuade England: We purpose to sette apart all feare of daunger, and by Gods furtheraunce to procæde by all the good meanes we can deuise to preuent theyr comming, wherfore I shall desire you to continue faithfull in remembraunce of vs in your prayers, that our purpose may take that good effect, as God may be glorifyed, his Church, our Quæne and Country preserued, and these Enemies of the trueth vtterly banquished, that we may haue continuall peace in Israel. Frõ aboard her Maiesties good Ship the Elizabeth Bonauenture.

Your louing freende, and fayth-
full Sonne in Christ Iesus.
Frauncis Drake.

Our enemies are many, but our protector commaundeth the whole world, let vs all pray continually, and our Lorde Iesus wyll heare vs in good time mercifully.

Wrytten by the hands of M. Pynner. Frauncis Drake.

Collated OK
3/28/33 PO